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# PANEGYRICK

On the Author of *Abfolom* and *Achitophel*,  
occasioned by his former writing of an *Elegy*  
in praise of *Oliver Cromwel*, lately Reprinted.

WHEN Old Philosophers wrote the Worlds Birth,  
And from wild *Chaos* broug ht great Nature forth ;  
The self-fame Atoms as they different ran,  
Club'd to a Lyon, Monky, Bear or Man :

From fuch thin Sires fuch folid Off-fprings grew,  
So Divine Wite, like the *First Matter* Thou :  
Thy fubtle Sparks do fuch ftrange Products make,  
That Thou juft nothing, yet all For ms canft take.  
So juftly thou haft deferved thy long-worn Bays;  
That as a Trophy to thy Endlefs Praise,  
Let that great Poem its long Silence break ;  
The worthyeft of thy vaft Creation fpeak.

Methinks I fancy how bold *Mulla* Dart  
Was levell'd at *Porfenna's* Royal Heart,  
And in defeated Rage I fee him doom  
His erring Hand t'its flaming Martyrdom.  
Let his poor Deeds in dull Oblivion dye ;  
Thy Vengeance with a furer Aim lets fly :  
In keen Iambicks 'gainft thy Sovereign Lord,  
Thy Pen was more Successful than his Sword.  
So vaft a Pile thy lofty Numbers raife  
Thofe Babel-Builders to great *MOLOCHS* praise,  
A Pile which to thy Honour will furpafs  
Even thy own *Corah's* Monumental Braß.

Thou writeft with fo much Flame, Flame fo refined,  
That Poetry's the Feaver of thy Mind :  
And Feaver-like in thofe bleak days of Yore,  
When Loyalty was Naked left and Poor,  
Thy Aguilh Veins Chill'd at a Starving Door,  
But Burning high thy active Spirits run  
At prosperous Rebellions warmer Sun.  
When *Phaeton* miffed the Day, and hurl'd  
His fcatcer'd Fires around the fcorching World :  
How would his Glories in thy Meeter Chime,  
The Groans of Worlds thus foftned into Rhime ?  
Or when great *Nero* fet his *Rome* on Fire,  
And Tuned its Ruine to his jocund Lyre ;  
How with his Mufick would thy Notes agree,  
A Song, great Bard, fit to be Set by Thee.  
Such VVonders have thy powerful Raptures frown,  
*Pythagoras* Transmigration thou'ft our-done,  
His Souls of Heroes and great Chiefs Expired,  
Down into Birds and Noble Beafts retired.  
But thou to Savages and Monsters dire,  
Canft infufe sparks, even of Celestial Fire :

Make Treason Glory, Murderers Heroes live;  
 And even to REGICIDES canst GOD-HEADS give.  
 Thus in thy Songs, the yet warm Bloody Dart,  
 Fresh reaking in a Martyr'd Monarchs Heart,  
 Burnish't by Verse, and polish't by thy Lines,  
 The Rubies in imperial Crowns out-shines,  
 Whilst in Applause to that sad days Success,  
 So Black a Theme in so Divine a Dress;  
 Thy Soaring Flights *Prometheus* Thefts excell;  
 Whilst Thou Steal'st Fire from Heaven t'enlighten HELL.

But stay, my Muse, here change thy gawdy strain,  
 And shew a New, no less Prodigious Scene.  
 That Lawrell'd Head, whose sweet Melodious Tongue,  
 To *Curse ye Meroz* IO PÆAN Sung,  
 A Bag-pipe Drone to the old Priestcraft Cant:  
 Who once did Consecrated Daggers chant,  
 And *Eglanias* great *Ravilliac* sung before;  
 Now Tunes his Pipe to *David's* Righteous Lore.  
 In *Carvolas* Stump the Convert Pen he brings,  
 And his *Burnt Hand* now writes the Praise of Kings.

Thus Bold, thus Great, and all in the Extream,  
 His Panegyricks are like *Daniel's* Dream;  
 This Tribute now to *David's* Glory pay,  
 A Head of Gold to his old Feet of Clay.  
 No wonder then so Feelingly he tells  
 Of *Corahs*, *Shimeis* and *Achisophells*.  
 Such Characters he may well gild so fine,  
 VVho 'has their Rich Ore from his own Native Mine.  
 How vast an Orb has a Poetick Soul?  
 Grasps all from East to West, and Pole to Pole.  
 Its warbling Voice, Right, Wrong, Truth, Falshood Sings,  
 Tuned to all States, Religions, Gods or Kings.  
 Oh Wit how wide is thy Circumference?  
 Where thy Attractive Center's *Bread and Pence*.  
*Pence* did I say! oh they have charming skill,  
 To rowze the Gall of an Heroick Quill.  
 Is there not mighty sound and mighty sence,  
 In great *Ischariots* thirty chinking Pence!  
 By this *Lucina* hast thou born with pain,  
 The numerous Off-springs of thy reeming Brains:  
 More various Issues in *Nile's* slimy Bed,  
 Not thy own Patron *Phabus* ever bred.  
 Thy pregnant Heats, like *Israels* wanton Lust,  
 First mould thy *Golden Calves*, then pound e'm into Dust.  
 Write on, and more then Winds or Frenzy Range,  
 Keep still thy old Prerogative *to Change*.  
 'Tis poor Humanity that's kept in bound,  
 Whilst power unlimited is God-like found:  
 Then thy Great self, thou wondrous Poet show:  
 Honour and Principles disdain; for know  
 Thy *Mercurye's* too proud to fix so low.  
 All Laws and Bounds let thy wild Muse despise,  
 And raigin the Prince oth' Air, in which it flies.